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TO-DAY'S PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION—CANDIDATES AT BRIGHTON.



Mr. Gerald Loder, the Unionist candidate, and his wife, Lady Louise Loder, who has given her husband invaluable assistance during the campaign, driving round the constituency. — (*Daily Mirror* copyright.)



Mr. E. A. Villiers, the Liberal candidate, and his wife, starting for yesterday's round of speechmaking. — (*Daily Mirror* copyright.)

PRINCE'S STATUE FOR HONG KONG.



This splendid statue of the Prince of Wales, which has just been completed by Mr. G. Wade, is to be erected in Hong Kong. — (E. H. Mills.)

COUNTESS OF DONOUGHMORE.



The Countess of Donoughmore, wife of the Under-Secretary of State for War, has given birth to a daughter. — (Lafayette, Dublin.)

LAST NIGHT'S HAMLET.



Mr. H. B. Irving as he appeared in "Hamlet" last night at the Adelphi Theatre. — (Johnston and Hoffmann.)

DAMAGE BY INDIAN EARTHQUAKE.



Montgomery Hall, one of the many splendid buildings in Lahore that have been damaged by the great earthquake.

CITY WRECKED BY EARTHQUAKE.

Lahore the Scene of Death
and Devastation.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Cathedral, Mosque, and Many
Buildings in Ruins.

Lahore, the capital of one of the most important States in the Punjab, has been shaken and shattered by an earthquake.

So violent was the convulsion of the earth that, according to the Exchange Telegraph Company, there has been great loss of life, and many of the principal buildings in the city have been wrecked.

From the meagre details to have come probably to the earthquake having dislocated the telegraph apparatus, it appears that a very exceptional seismic disturbance has happened.

The railway station, an imposing structure, was badly damaged, and the town hall, the most handsome public building in the place, has been almost razed to the ground.

The cathedral was seriously damaged, and Montgomery Hall, a palatial centre of fashionable amusement, has been cracked and fissured.

It is impossible so far to accurately estimate the full extent of the damage done, but a large number of houses in the native quarter of the city were demolished, and elsewhere the roofs of the houses and walls collapsed.

The Juma Masjid, one of the finest Mahomedan mosques in India, has suffered serious damage, and a number of other conspicuous places of worship, Christian, Hindoo, and Mahomedan, are in a more or less wrecked condition.

The total loss of life has not yet been ascertained, but is believed to be great.

RECORDED IN ISLE OF WIGHT.

Professor John Milne, the eminent earthquake expert, seen at his observatory at Shide, Isle of Wight, yesterday, told the *Daily Mirror* that a large seismograph of the Lahore earthquake was obtained.

The record of it commenced at one o'clock in the morning, which in Lahore would be just before six o'clock, about the time when many people would be out. The earthquake, he said, would be about the same size as that which in 1897 devastated Assam, causing ruin to the extent of several millions.

On that occasion railways, irrigation works, and tea factories suffered severely.

From time to time large earthquakes, as well as small ones, originated along the Himalayan Fold, indicating that the buckling up of the earth forming the mountains was still in progress.

This is the second disaster of the kind which has overtaken Lahore in thirty years. In December, 1875, the city experienced shocks, resulting in much damage and some loss of life. Three years earlier, the city of Lhutree, also in the Scinde region, was entirely destroyed by an earthquake.

Lahore has a population of about 210,000. The place is of high antiquity, and under the Mogul Emperors attained to great splendour.

Populous as it is to-day, architectural remains still visible show that ancient Lahore, at its zenith, was even more extensive.

The place is not an industrial centre, but it possesses many fine Government buildings and institutions, academic and otherwise, suitable for the chief town of so important a region. It covers an area of 640 acres, and is surrounded by a wall, pierced by thirteen gates.

DESTROYER IN COLLISION.

Barge Sunk, Two Men Drowned, and Warship
Seriously Damaged.

A serious collision took place in the Solent off Yarmouth yesterday between the torpedo-boat destroyer Spitfire and the Rochester barge Preciosa.

The Spitfire was steaming at 22 knots speed, and practically jumped over the barge, sinking her almost instantly, the barge's yard, as she capsized, dragging down the destroyer's mast and fore funnel.

Thomas Daniel, captain of the barge, and James Bodderson, cook, were drowned, the remainder of her crew being picked up by the destroyer's boats. The Spitfire, badly damaged, was towed back to Portsmouth.

KAISER SEEKS A DECLARATION.

PARIS, Tuesday.—According to the "Echo de Paris," the German Government is seeking a promise from Italy that the forthcoming meeting of the Emperor William and King Victor Emmanuel shall assume the character of a manifestation clearly emphasising the triple alliance.—Reuter.

STRENGTH FROM ANTS.

French Doctor Who Trebled His Powers
by Taking Formic Acid.

Tests made by Drs. Clement and Huchard, the former a well-known Lyons physician, have resulted in the discovery of marvellous attributes possessed by formic acid.

This drug, as its name indicates, is found in the bodies of ants.

If the tests can be credited the acid, and such compounds of it as formate of soda, increase the strength of people in a marvellous manner.

One subject experimented upon by Dr. Clement, who took only a certain amount of lifting before he took formic acid, was able after treatment to lift five times his weight.

Dr. Clement also claims for formic acid that as a nerve tonic for neurotic subjects it abolishes the lassitude due to heat, and fortifies a man equally against extreme cold.

M. Huchard's investigations with formate of soda lead him to the same conclusion. Experimenting upon himself M. Huchard found his muscular strength double itself in two days, and treble itself in five, by which time he had taken fifteen grammes.

RED TERROR IN RUSSIA.

Two Further Attempts To Compass the
Assassination of Police Officials.

Two fresh attempts to assassinate police officials are reported from Russia.

One occurred in Warsaw, where two shots were fired in the open street at Police-inspector Ivanovsky.

The shots were fired from among a group of men, all of whom took to flight at once.

It was found that the inspector was wounded in two places. The would-be assassins are still at large.

In St. Petersburg three shots were fired at M. Misagh, Assistant Prefect of Police, as he was driving in his carriage. None of the shots took effect.

SERIOUS RIOTS IN WARSAW.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—The news to hand from the interior is of the gravest nature.

Serious rioting occurred in Warsaw yesterday, in which numerous persons were injured. The authorities have up to the present failed to establish order, and the disturbance still continues.

Further rioting took place yesterday at Tiflis, and the Baltic provinces are also agitated.—Exchange.

100,000 CHINESE DESTITUTE.

OKI'S HEADQUARTERS, Monday.—There is much suffering among Chinese near Mukden. Scores of villages were destroyed in the recent fighting, and 100,000 natives are homeless and destitute.

GREAT CHIEF YIELDS.

Nigeria's Last Fighting Emir Peaceably
Conquered by England.

With the submission of the powerful Emir of Hadagia, opposition to British rule in Northern Nigeria comes to an end.

When Sokoto and Kano fell this warrior prince remained obdurate, and his attitude caused disquietude because his chief town lies right on a main caravan route.

The Emir seems to have been greatly impressed by a journey into the interior made by General Sir Frederick Lugard, for while the High Commissioner was returning to headquarters the chief sent in his submission, and asked for the appointment of a British Resident.

MODERN ROMEO.

Young Italian Loses His Life in Climbing a
Rope to Reach His Juliet.

The young Marchese Frederigo Zucconi, son of the former deputy for Camerino, has just met his death under romantic circumstances at Milan.

He went to the home of a friend where temporarily resides a young woman to whom the Marchese had been paying his attentions.

It seems that the Milan correspondent of the "New York Herald" that while attempting to climb a rope to the balcony the rope broke, and Marchese Zucconi was killed instantly. He was wealthy and was only twenty-one years old.

AUSTRALIAN MAIL DISPUTE SETTLED.

MELBOURNE, Tuesday.—The Federal Cabinet has authorised Mr. Smith, the Postmaster-General, to accept the Orient-Pacific Company's offer of a fortnightly mail service between Australia and England for an annual subsidy of £120,000. The agreement is subject to the approval of Parliament.—Reuter.

IN FIGHTING FORM.

Mr. Chamberlain "Determined To
Have the Government's Blood."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—The second day of the big debate on Army reform has disclosed the fact that there is deep-rooted resentment in all parts of the House against Mr. Adair-Foster's proposal to reduce the Volunteer force.

Mr. Chamberlain put in an appearance to-day, looking exceedingly well after his holiday, and he has let it be known in the Lobby that he, at any rate, is very strongly opposed to this part of the Government programme, and that if a clear issue is raised in connection with it he will be found giving his vote against the Government, and in favour of retaining the present status of the Volunteers.

This attitude on the part of the right hon. gentleman may fairly be assumed to be indicative of coming trouble in the Ministerial ranks.

He has come back "determined to have their blood," said a prominent tariff reformer, an intimate friend of the right hon. gentleman, in the Lobby to-night.

All sections are rapidly coming to the conclusion that this represents Mr. Chamberlain's intentions, although it is probable that he will remain comparatively passive until the Budget has passed through its various stages.

DISSOLUTION RUMOURS.

Fresh rumours afloat in reference to the probable date of the dissolution now point to the Government allowing themselves to be beaten on the Aliens Bill, which is regarded as the best measure upon which they could fight an election at the present time.

The Liberals themselves are very anxious to get this measure out of the way, recognising as they do that the cry in respect to alien immigration is likely to cost them a good many votes throughout the country should the question remain unsettled at the time of the general election.

There is a feeling among a certain section of the Opposition in favour of a Vote of Censure being proposed upon Mr. Balfour for his continual "boot-camping" of the House.

Matters may not be pushed as far as a Vote of Censure, but it is certain that an opportunity will be found at an early date for discussing Mr. Balfour's alleged neglect of duty.

Following upon the Speaker's vote last night, the proposal to run tramway-cars over the bridges will be considered by the Special Committee, who may take evidence on the subject.

There is little doubt that the measure will pass the Committee stage, but it would be rash to predict its fate on the third reading. Desperate efforts will be made by the opponents of the London County Council proposal to defeat the measure.

M.P. SEIZED WITH A FIT.

COL. BAIN, M.P., was seized with a fit in one of the smoking-rooms at the House of Commons last evening, but after being attended to by Sir Walter Foster, the well-known medical M.P., revived somewhat.

PEARL FOR SUPPER.

Strange Action Over a Gem Discovered by a
Lady in an Oyster.

BERLIN, Tuesday.—The Courts here have been engaged on the question, "To whom does a pearl belong if found in an oyster?"

Whilst at supper in Hamburg with a gentleman friend, a lady, who was eating oysters, discovered one of these gems. It was of great value.

The lady claimed it as hers. The restaurant proprietor said it was his, as he only sold the oyster and not the shell.

The Court held that it was the property of the gentleman who ordered and had paid for the supper, and had, incidentally, paid for the pearl.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Bishop Favier, who had spent forty years in the China mission-field, died yesterday.

The explosion of gas at the Ziegler mine, Illinois, U.S.A., has caused at least thirty-four fatalities.

An immense forest fire is raging on Lake Como, the wooded Mount St. Agata, near Cernobbio, being one vast furnace.

Professor Heinzl, Director of the Seminary for German Philology at Vienna University, shot himself dead in the university yesterday.

His ninety-ninth birthday was reached yesterday by Mr. Henry Wright, of Halifax, who has lived in five reigns, and as a lad saw George III. in London.

THE KING TO MEET M. LOUBET.

Kaiser's Interference Strengthens
the Anglo-French Entente.

SIGNIFICANT MEETING.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—It is definitely understood that President Loubet will meet King Edward at Oise-Sec on Thursday afternoon next, and will be accompanied by M. Delcassé.

This fact is of great significance. It is a prompt and complete reply to the Kaiser's efforts to upset the cordial entente existing between France and England.

The presence of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs undoubtedly has reference to the Kaiser's visit to Morocco. The King will travel incognito.

It would seem that this very interference on the part of the German Emperor has actually tended to draw England and France more closely together. The Kaiser is frustrating his own plans.

It is stated that the French Mediterranean Squadron will come to Brest to take part in the reception of the British Atlantic Squadron on its coming visit, and will unite with the North Sea Squadron to manoeuvre under Admiral Fournier.

The British squadron will consist of eight battleships and two cruisers.

THE QUEEN ARRIVES AT NICE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NICE, Tuesday.—Queen Alexandra arrived at Villefranche at noon on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, accompanied by the Duchess of Aosta.

The vessel was received with a royal salute, and the local authorities promptly paid their respects to her Majesty.

The Queen had a good passage from Genoa. On her arrival her Majesty received Princess Henry, Princess Ena and Prince Leopold of Battenberg, the Grand Duchess Victoria of Hesse, and several personal friends.

Her Majesty will visit Marseilles incognito before the arrival there of the King on Friday.

THE KING'S TURBINE VOYAGE.

The official arrangements in connection with His Majesty's journey to the Continent to-morrow were notified to the Dover Corporation yesterday.

The Admiralty Pier is to be lined by the troops of the garrison.

The royal train will arrive at 11.45 a.m., and, after a brief reception by the corporation and the military authorities, the King will board the turbine steamer Queen, leaving for Calais at 11.55. Salutes will be fired.

ROYAL DUKE AND THE POPE.

Pontiff Expresses Profound Admiration for
King Edward as a Ruler.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, received in private audience at the Vatican yesterday, kissed the Pope's hand.

The Duke, in the uniform of a British Field-Marshal, and the ladies, dressed in black, on arrival were accorded royal honours by the picturesque Swiss Guards.

In the audience chamber Mgr. Storoni acted as interpreter.

The Duke, speaking in French, expressed his satisfaction at being in the Pope's presence, and satisfied his former visits to Leo XIII. and Pius IX.

His Holiness spoke in Italian, sending greetings to King Edward, whom he said he greatly admired as a ruler.

KING OF SPAIN'S VISIT.

MADRID, Tuesday.—Details of the journey of the King of Spain have just been published. The King will leave Madrid on May 28, arriving in Paris on the 30th. His Majesty will leave Paris on June 4 for London, but the length of his stay in London is not yet settled.

He will return to Madrid, and will visit Berlin and Vienna in the autumn.—Exchange.

THE PRINCE BETTER.

The satisfactory progress made towards recovery, by the Prince of Wales since his operation was maintained yesterday.

Throughout the day there were many callers at Marlborough House.

A panic has been caused in the girls' high school at Montlouis, France, by a lighted cracker which some urchins threw through an open window into a classroom where seventy pupils were seated. In the rush for the door which ensued ten girls were hurt, one breaking a leg.

WORLD'S RECORD GEM ON VIEW.

Diamond Valued at £1,000,000
Exhibited in a City Office.

ROMANCE OF A STONE.

The "Cullinan," the largest diamond the world has ever known, held its first public reception in England yesterday afternoon at Kimberley House, on Holborn viaduct, the offices of the Premier Diamond Company, in whose "blue ground" in South Africa it was found.

The stone, precious beyond imagination, weighs 3,025 carats, about a pound and a half, and is valued at £1,000,000.

The famous "Excelsior" weighed only 900 carats.

On Bed of Plush.

The company, which assembled in a small square room on the second floor, included journalists, directors of the Premier Company, and privileged friends, and they crowded with curious faces against the brass rails behind which the diamond lay on a bed of soft white plush on an oak stand, within a square glass case.

By its side stood Mr. Friedlander, of Messrs. Neumann, the company's agents, acting as custodian.

The afternoon was not sunny, but a little glint of light came in all at once, and touched the diamond, which—though "rough," technically speaking—is singularly beautiful and has three smooth and glistening "faces." One can see through it from end to end, and it is flawless.

The touch of light reminded all there of the romantic finding of the "Cullinan" by "Freddie" Evans, the overseer of the mine. Mr. Evans, who is sixty, and has been a miner all his life, was

GIANT DIAMOND EXHIBITED.



The "Cullinan," the world's largest diamond, on exhibition in Kimberley House, Holborn, yesterday.

leaving work one day when a sudden ray of the setting sun struck the bank 20ft. above the ground level, and a brilliant gleam sprang out.

"A diamond," he exclaimed, and he clambered up to where the spot of light still shone.

Digging desperately with his penknife, he secured it. The blade broke, but he will buy a better knife with the £2,000 he received as a reward for his precious find.

The "Cullinan" is 21in. high and 93in. round the middle. Its base is 4in. long. It is insured for £500,000, and the cutting of it will cost £30,000.

Who will buy it no one knows yet, says Mr. Friedlander.

As to price, it is, like a masterpiece in painting, a fancy figure. It might be bought for one million and sold for two.

A lady journalist at yesterday's reception was intensely excited, and said, "Oh, my—may I hold it?" With a bow Mr. Friedlander took it from the case and gave it to her.

"I don't care," she cried with seeming indifference, "if Antony did melt pearls for Cleopatra, I have held a million in my hand."

STRIKE OF A FIRE BRIGADE

A curious deadlock has arisen at Godalming through the resignation of the whole of the members of the town fire brigade, due to their dissatisfaction over the dismissal of the engineer.

Godalming has a population close upon 10,000, and there are a number of manufactories and large country mansions, including the Charterhouse School and masters' residences, situated on the outskirts of the town.

KING NO PARTISAN.

Lord Knollys Informs an Inquirer That His Majesty Has No Politics.

Sir R. T. Hermon Hodge, M.P., made a speech last week at Great Harwood, which conveyed the impression to a member of his audience that the King was specially identified with the Conservative Party.

Being an ardent Liberal, this gentleman wrote to the King, asking if his Majesty desired it to be understood that to be a supporter of the Conservative Party was to be on the King's side, while to support any other Party was to be disloyal.

The following reply has reached him from Buckingham Palace:—

Sir,—In reply to your letter, I beg to inform you that the Sovereign of this country has no politics, and that he looks upon Conservatives and Liberals as being equally loyal to the Crown, the Constitution, and the Empire.—And am, sir, your obedient servant, KNOLLYS.

ACCIDENTS OF MOTORING.

Over 2,000 in Metropolitan Area During Last Nine Months.

The Home Secretary announces that motor-cars, from June of last year to last month, were responsible in the metropolitan area for 1,315 accidents to property, and 479 accidents to persons, of which fifteen were fatal, and seventy-nine serious.

Motor-cycles caused 127 accidents to property and 166 accidents to persons.

Four of these were attended with loss of life, and in sixteen instances grave injury was done.

CANAL AS MATCHMAKER.

Gallant Prussian Officer Woos and Weds Mr. Pirie's Niece.

The opening of the Kiel Canal was responsible for a pretty little love story.

It was on that occasion that Captain Frederick Leopold von Versen, 1st Prussian Guards, known as "The Emperor's Own," declared his love for Miss Edith Wooster, Carlisle, eldest daughter of the general manager of Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding yard at Belfast, and was accepted.

The lovers were married yesterday in All Souls' Church, Belfast, and amongst the presents was one from the Kaiser.

The bride is a niece by marriage of the Hon. W. J. Pirie, chairman of the firm of which her father is manager.

FAMOUS SCULPTOR DEAD.

His Collective Productions Seemed Like "A Hymn in Praise of Work."

M. Constantin Meunier, greatest of Belgian sculptors, died yesterday at Brussels at the age of seventy-five.

He became a painter for a time in his youth, resenting the utter lack of originality displayed by Belgian sculpture, but clever pictures did not bring him prosperity, and he lived at one period by drawing designs for stained-glass windows.

In 1898 he made a thorough study of the streets and workshops of London in search of material for his work, and Mr. John Burns conducted him through Woolwich Arsenal and the Blackwall Tunnel.

His productions, viewed together, have been described as appearing like a "hymn in praise of work."

FAMOUS WILD CATTLE SOLD.

A home had at last been found for the famous Charley herd of wild white cattle, which have been purchased by the Duke of Bedford.

At one time seventy strong, the herd now consists of only a dozen.

For many centuries the breed has been kept in its original purity, but the introduction of fresh blood is considered necessary to prevent its total extinction.

LAZARUS ONCE LESS TROUBLESOME.

"We read that in the old times," said Lord Hugh Cecil yesterday, at the annual meeting of the Rochester Diocesan Society, "Lazarus sat at the rich man's gate. That was a custom which must have saved a great deal of trouble in organising philanthropic meetings."

SPORTING NOTABILITY'S WILL.

Mr. William Stuart Gladstone, of Alburgh, well known in sporting circles as the clerk of the Antwerp Racecourse, left estate valued at £5,545 £5,545 gross.

TEN GIRLS IN ONE.

Amazing Rotation of Personalities in Influenza Patient.

LIVING CONUNDRUM.

The case of the girl who developed in rotation ten different personalities as the result of influenza is still a conundrum to the medical world.

Dr. Albert Wilson, who reported the case to the Society for Psychical Research, says it is the most extraordinary phenomenon he has encountered in his career.

He has given details to the "Evening Standard" and "St. James's Gazette" of the various stages through which the girl passed. Here are some of them:—

Acute mania, intense fear, illusions of snakes, psychical phenomena, and craving for oranges.

Childishness, ignorance of everyday details, and her own name, reversion of ideas as to writing and colours.

Fits of passion, during which she bit her clothes. Capacity to read and write. Improved health.

Deaf and dumb. Talked on her fingers; a method she slightly understood in her normal state.

To Walk Up a Wall.

Thought she was three days old. Called black white and a fat pig thin. Spelt backwards and wrote forwards. Though previously paralysed by her legs, jumped up and ran to her bed. Then commenced to turn round and round on her back and shoulders with her legs in the air. Tried to walk up a wall.

A sweet, amiable child, though very ignorant. Had to be taught to read and write.

Clear memory of small events in her early childhood, but no recollection of her illness or subsequent occurrences.

Severe convulsions. Knew no one. Called her father "Tom," and her mother "Mary Ann." Said she had been born the night before.

Bad-tempered and cruel to her young sister. Talked like a baby, but could speak a little French.

Mind a blank. Became a blind imbecile. Nevertheless, could draw perfectly. If anyone drew a pencil line across her picture she would detect it by touch and try to rub it out.

The girl is now in a perfect state of health and strength, and has happily returned to the sweet and amiable stage.

COTTAGES OF IRON.

Another Council Takes Up Sir William Grantham's Crusade for Cheap Dwellings.

Corrugated iron cottages containing one general room, three bedrooms, and a washhouse, suitable for people with an income of 18s. to 20s. a week, are proposed by the Staines Rural Council, who have applied to the Local Government Board for permission.

The surveyor states that these dwellings could be erected for £125 each, whereas the cheapest cottages under the present by-laws cost £200.

"Mr. Justice Grantham," says this official, "has frightened the Local Government Board, and its consent to anything reasonable can now be obtained."

MUFFS FOR SUMMER.

Fans Superseded as Part of the Armoury of Woman's Wiles.

The fan, one of the most powerful weapons in woman's armoury of wiles, has quite gone out of fashion, but another dainty and quite as powerful a trifle has come to take its place.

The muff in clever hands is quite as effective as the fan, and it is to take its place for use in summer as well as in winter.

Fur muffs are too warm now, and the first spring muffs are beginning to make their appearance.

Daily Mirror yesterday saw a dainty one made of violets, and matching the elegant mauve costume of its wearer, who was in a hansom; while another damsel on foot carried a lovely confection of pale coloured silks harmonising with her delicate light costume.

As the weather grows warmer muffs of lace and chiffon, or rose petals, or of gauze will be carried, to correspond with the dainty summer dresses.

For very special occasions the muffs will be composed of real flowers, to match those in the hat.

SINNERS AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

During the last month 178 prosecutions by the N.S.P.C.C. resulted in 170 convictions. The sentences amounted to twenty-nine years three months and five days' imprisonment, and the fines totalled £49 12s. 2d.

The society inquired into 3,289 true cases of cruelty, affecting 9,468 children.

WARSHIP RUMMAGE SALE.

Vessels That Cost Many Millions Sold for £138,120.

£138,120 is a startlingly small price for thirty-one warships, including twelve cruisers and a third-class armoured battleship, besides a coastguard ship, torpedo-gunboats, and a training-ship. Yes, this was the amount realised from an auction sale at Chatham yesterday of some of the Navy's obsolete fighting line. A large crowd attended the sale, which was held by order of the Admiralty, and although it had been stated that only British subjects were to be admitted, this rule was not kept, many foreigners being present.

Some idea of the depreciation in value of a man-of-war may be gathered from the following comparisons:—

The first class cruiser Warspite, knocked down for £18,150—the highest price, by the way, of the day—cost in 1888 £66,693. Moreover, in the last ten years over £50,000 has been spent on her in repairs.

Other comparisons are shown in the following table:—

	Original cost.	Sold for last 10 yrs.
Galatea (1st class cruiser).	£291,484	£11,150
Australia (1st class cruiser).	293,632	13,713
Orion (1st class cruiser).	291,635	4,800
Mohawk (2nd class cruiser).	98,631	5,600
Arthurs (2nd class cruiser).	215,282	7,600

Fifteen thousand eight hundred pounds was given for the first class armoured cruiser Northampton, and among other vessels sold were the third class cruiser Raccoon, the coastguard ship Redwing, and the mining ship Exmouth, built so long ago as 1854.

The cruisers and torpedo-gunboats were sold only on the understanding that the purchasers bound themselves to break them up within a year.

BEACH POLITICS.

Man in Grotesque Costume Breaks Up a Brighton Election Meeting.

Among the features of the political battle which is being waged at Brighton are the meetings on the beach which have been organised on behalf of Mr. E. A. Villiers, the Liberal candidate.

Beyond this, however, there are practically no striking evidences that the town is in the throes of a political contest in which the whole country is interested.

Brighton does not take kindly to politics, and the experts who have the handling of the party machinery must find it a peculiarly difficult constituency to work.

True, some of the meetings have been lively enough, and one was brought to a disorderly conclusion by the antics of a man who appeared in grotesque costume.

It is said that one of the Conservative committee rooms has been broken into.

SHAKESPEARE LANCERS.

Stage Celebrities Organising Novel "Sets" To Represent Various Plays.

In aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund a ball will take place at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, on May 4. Many well-known actors and actresses are doing their utmost to make it a financial success.

A feature of the evening will be the "Shakespeare Lancers," when sets representing different plays will be danced, each set being arranged by some stage celebrity.

Miss Ellen Terry is organising a set comprising the principal characters in the "Merchant of Venice," or "Much Ado About Nothing." Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Ashe will undertake the "Taming of the Shrew" set. Miss Dorothy Baird, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Berthold Tree, and Mr. George Alexander will be responsible for others.

Tickets are selling freely at a guinea apiece; after April 20 the price will be two guineas.

PRINCESS CALLS ON LORD KELVIN.

The Princess of Wales called at the house of Lord Kelvin yesterday to inquire as to the state of the distinguished scientist.

Her Royal Highness was informed that the patient had slept well, was gaining strength, and was in every way making satisfactory progress.

HER BEST WOMAN'S WAY.

At Tenterden a story was told of a woman who went to see her sister-in-law and asked if she might speak to her brother. She was refused permission and now sought redress. She had asked in her "best woman's way."

Alderman Harggett: The woman's way seems to have annoyed her. I cannot help you.

The Rev. Andrew Drew, vicar of St. Antholin's, Nunhead, refused to publish for the third time the banns of marriage of a parishioner who had described himself as a widower, but who had a wife living from whom he had been divorced.

BONUS ON TEA PURCHASES.

Company with 75,000 Customers
Sued by a Lady.

JUDGE'S ACTION.

The Koh-i-Noor Tea Company, of 29, Newington, Liverpool, claims to have 75,000 customers on its books, all of whom are entitled to a bonus of from £2 to £8—according to the number of packets of tea they have guaranteed to buy weekly.

This statement was made in the Liverpool County Court yesterday, when Mrs. Sarah Peters, of Neston, sued the company for £1 10s., the first instalment of a bonus she had been promised.

Her solicitor, Mr. Stone, said she became a purchaser over a year ago, but the company's tardiness to pay her £2 10s. led her to institute an investigation.

Inductive Pamphlet.

Mr. Stone drew a parallel between the Koh-i-Noor Company and the Nelson Tea Company. It started by sending out young women canvassers with seductive pamphlets, one of which, handed up to Judge Shand, read as follows:—

Koh-i-Noor Tea
The finest tea in the world produces and at a reasonable price, and £8 for nothing.

The Koh-i-Noor Tea Company give every regular customer a printed and signed guarantee that they will receive the following valuable cash presents in their turn:—
If you take one packet weekly we guarantee £4.
If you take three packets weekly we guarantee £6.
If you take two packets weekly we guarantee £5.
As a rule we guarantee to be paid in a reasonable time we won't accept more than four packets weekly from our customers.

We give our cash presents in the following way:—
Mrs. Peters (the only customer of the kind that is one-packet customer) first receive £1, two-packet customers £2, and so on; and the balance in turn, providing you have taken our tea regularly since the first payment.

The circular pointed out that the company reserved the right to decide the number of presents given weekly, and if customers neglected taking the tea three successive weeks they could be crossed off the books. It also stated explicitly that the bonuses were not paid in any specified time.

First on the List.

This circular, said Mr. Stone, was tantamount to a contract. When Mrs. Peters became a customer a money prize of £2 10s. was promised to purchasers of one packet weekly. She was told by many of the company's agents that she was the first customer in Neston, and so would be the first to receive a bonus. The price of the tea per packet was at first 6d., but had since been raised to 6d.

The company's offer was practically to pay within a year £8 on a 28s. order. Mrs. Peters sent to the Birkenshaw office of the company, and a message was sent her that she would soon get her bonus. The company subsequently wrote that her "turn" was not yet due.

The company's solicitor, Mr. Layton, asked for an adjournment, but the Judge said: "I shall not adjourn the case till the name of the defendant is disclosed."

Miss Hinton, the manageress, stated that she took her orders and paid over all money to Mr. Joseph Dixon, but could not give his private address.

The Judge: Extraordinary! How many people are there in this Koh-i-Noor Company?—I cannot tell you.

The case was adjourned till Thursday, April 13, but unless £5 were paid into court within three days judgment would be given for the plaintiff.

MONEYLENDERS AT LAW.

One Charges Another with Diverting His
"Old Customers."

Mr. C. Wells is a Leicestershire moneylender. Mr. H. A. Jones is a moneylender in Leeds.

In Mr. Justice Warrington's court yesterday these members of the same profession were opposing parties in a law-suit.

Mr. Wells's complaint, as explained by Mr. Robson, K.C., is that Mr. Jones enticed from Leicester to Leeds a clerk in his (Mr. Wells's) employ, by name Harry Linney, and that with the clerk there went to Leeds a list of Mr. Wells's "old customers."

One of the causes that led Mr. Wells to suspect Mr. Jones of "poaching" was that certain gentlemen who went bankrupt with Mr. Jones as one of the creditors were "old customers" of his own.

The case was adjourned.

L.C.C. AND THAMES PIERS.

Mr. Albert Lewis Guy was yesterday appointed at Bow-street as valuer of the Thames Steamboat piers. Mr. Hawes, of the solicitors' department of the London County Council, in making application for the appointment, said that the Council wanted immediate possession, but this was refused.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

Denied Herself Food To Buy Her Baby Milk.

A touching story was told in the Kensington coroner's court yesterday in connection with the inquest on a two-year-old child—Maurice Bayliss.

The child had been born out of wedlock, and the unhappy mother was consequently turned out of home by her parents.

She went to Nottingham, where she married a man named Sellars, and the pair came to London and fell on evil times.

Rather than see her baby starve, Mrs. Sellars had gone out into the street and sold matches.

Her husband, a boot finisher, was out of work, and both parents had gone without food in order that the child might live.

Nevertheless it sickened suddenly and died of bronchitis last Friday.

At the inquest yesterday the coroner said the parents were much to be sympathised with, and had had a very hard and unhappy time. They were in no way to blame for the death of the child—in fact, it was quite the reverse.

A practical expression of sympathy was made by several of the jurors, who gave their fees to the parents.

FAMED SCULPTOR DEAD.



M. Constantin Meunier, the famous Belgian sculptor, whose death was announced yesterday.

GIRL WIFE'S MURDER.

Sentence of Death Passed on the Assassin—Recommended to Mercy.

Death sentence was yesterday passed at the Old Bailey by Mr. Justice Jelf upon Frank Percy Kingham for the murder of his girl-wife Nellie, at Marybone, on February 7 of this year.

In opening the case for the Crown Mr. Bodkin declared that its history was a "story of depravity and immorality which culminated in tragedy."

Police evidence showed that while in hospital Kingham had made the following statement:—

"The reason I killed her was that I did not want to see her go wrong. If I had known that I was going to die I should have served the mother the same, as she was the cause of her downfall."

For the prosecution, Mr. Leycester urged that, though the evidence might create sympathy with the prisoner, the duty of the jury was clearly to return a verdict of Wilful Murder.

This verdict the jury returned, adding a strong recommendation to mercy.

COLOURED REVIVALIST.

In a coffin-shaped room at the "Triangle," Peckham Rye, a miniature revival is being conducted by a coloured Evangelist, whose solemn face is as black and shiny as a silk hat.

The *Daily Mirror* yesterday found a handful of people fervently praying for "wicked London," and, incidentally, for two small boys who had tapped derisively at the window and shouted "Hallo!" through the door. The black man watched the proceedings narrowly through his fingers.

RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE.

"Didn't I see you in a billiard-room?" asked the debtor in a debt case at Whitechapel Court yesterday.

Debtor: Yes, you did. I only spent three half-pence, and sat there all night. I must sit somewhere.

Plaintiff: What right have you to spend my money in billiard-rooms?"

LAW AND MUSHROOMS

Lady Claims Compensation for a Regent-street Luncheon.

MARGATE CURE.

Danger that may lurk behind mushroom savoury was a subject discussed before Mr. Justice Lawrence and a special jury yesterday, when Mrs. Edith Heilbron, a "newspaper lady," brought an action for negligence against Mr. Oddiendino, proprietor of the Imperial Restaurant, in Regent-street.

With her sister, Miss Beatrice Curtis, Mrs. Heilbron dined at the Imperial on April 29 last year.

She had been hard at work during the morning on advertising business, and she felt the need of a tasty little lunch, such as lady journalists know so well how to select. So she chose:

Solees Frites,
Purée des Pommes.
Champignons à l'Anglaise.
Café Hiver.

More work followed in the afternoon, and a visit to the Garrick Theatre in the evening.

Then Mrs. Heilbron returned to the Imperial to sup.

But before she could choose a supper menu she was seized with pains which she could attribute to nothing else except the champignons partaken of at lunch.

She had to be medically attended, taken to a hotel, and then home, and she did not recover until she had been to Margate to recruit.

Appropriately wearing a spreading hat that bore a faint resemblance to a mushroom, Mrs. Heilbron described her symptoms to the Court, and confided to detail to Mr. Gill, K.C., what she had for breakfast on the day of the mushroom lunch—just an egg, a bit of toast, and a cup of tea.

Finding nothing upsetting in this simple fare, Mr. Gill suggested that Mrs. Heilbron's sufferings were due, not to champignons, but to influenza.

The case was adjourned, after two doctors had admitted doubts about whether harmonious relations can always exist between champignons and liqueur brandies.

"BRAWLING" IN ST. PAUL'S.

Mr. Kensis's Appeal Against His Recent Conviction and Fine.

What constitutes "brawling" in a cathedral was the question before the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Kennedy and Ridley, yesterday, in Mr. Kensis's appeal against his conviction and fine of £5 at Quarter Sessions.

During an ordination service in St. Paul's Mr. Kensis made public protest by walking up to the Bishop of London and reading from manuscript an objection.

He alleged that one of the candidates, Mr. Basil Saunders, of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, had made the Communion Service a Mass.

The Bishop claimed that the objections did not come within the heads under which objections could lawfully be lodged.

The Lord Chief Justice reserved judgment on the case.

DONKEY'S BAD HABITS.

Owner Beats It Because It Will Not Pass an Inn Door.

Charged at Stratford Police Court with brutally beating his donkey with a heavy stick, a dealer named Albert Shrimpton advanced a novel reason for his cruelty.

"That donkey," he said severely, "will pull up at every public-house in the road, and I was beating it to make it go by one."

The Chairman: How long have you had it? Shrimpton: Three years, and it won't go past a pub."

The Chairman: And who taught it to stop at public houses?

Shrimpton (doubtfully): Well, I don't know. A fine of 10s. and costs was imposed.

MURDER VICTIMS BURIED.

Large and sympathetic crowds assembled in the streets of Deptford yesterday to watch the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Farrow, the victims of the "mask" murder.

From New Cross-road to Brockley Cemetery, where the interment took place, the blinds of houses and shops were drawn.

BEARS IN THE DOCK.

Two large brown bears appeared in the dock at North London Police Court yesterday, together with four Frenchmen, charged with causing an obstruction in the street. None of the party could speak English, but the bears contrived to plead ignorance of the law. Each of the Frenchmen was fined 6s.

GREAT FAITH.

"Peculiar People's" Credulity Called "Nothing Less Than Murder."

The "Peculiar People" once more figured to disadvantage in the coroner's court at an inquest held at West Ham yesterday.

The inquiry was held into the death of the nine-weeks-old infant of Dora and H. W. Cooke, both members of the sect in question.

The mother said the child had a discharge from the ear when three weeks old.

The Coroner: Did you call anyone in?

Witness: Brother Southgate.

"Do you think it was in pain?"—"It cried, but after Brother Southgate came it had relief, and got better."

"That was six weeks ago. How long did the relief last?"—"Until last Saturday week."

"Did you take any other advice?"—"Only my own."

A Juror: Don't you think you ought to have called in a doctor? Your child died in terrible agony—I've seen wonderful things done by God.

The Juror: I do not want to hurt the lady's feelings, but it appears to me that it is an easy way to get children out of the world. It is nothing more nor less than murder.

James Hartley Southgate, of Church-street, Canning Town, one of the elders of the sect, said he was called in when the child was three weeks old, and he laid hands on it "in the name of the Lord."

A Juror: Do you do this gratuitously, or are you paid for it?—I am like the Apostle Paul: Freely I receive and freely I give.

Dr. Angus Kennedy said the child died from wasting, as the result of injudicious feeding. It would be hard to say if medical aid could have saved it.

The jury, after consultation, returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence, and said that the parents, in their opinion, deserved severe censure.

STRANGE DEATH IN A WOOD.

Young Matron, Oppressed by Responsibility Poisons Herself with Prussic Acid.

The mystery surrounding the case of Miss Susan Mary Adams, the matron of the Addersbrook Hospital, at Cambridge, who was found sitting dead under a tree in Westwick Wood, was cleared up at yesterday's inquest.

It was shown that Miss Adams, who was only thirty-one, and who had been depressed owing to pressure of work and responsibility, had taken prussic acid, and a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

Miss Adams left the hospital on Sunday morning for a bicycle ride.

Leaving her machine near Oakington, she walked to the wood, where she was found dead by a pedestrian two hours later.

MARKING A "CHARACTER."

Servant's Five-Year Reference Destroyed by Employer of a Week.

An Irish servant-girl appeared at Westminster Police Court to complain of the action of her mistress, with whom she had served only one week.

Taking a five years' reference from a lady in Dublin, with whom the applicant had previously served, this lady had underscored the letter with objectionable sentences, written in a different coloured ink.

The value of the reference had thus been completely destroyed.

Mr. Horace Smith said that this action on the part of the mistress was a most improper one, and it was a moot point whether the servant had not a legal remedy.

DID NOT SLEEP IN THE TROUGHS.

Mr. Bernard Nordheim, baker, of Oxford-street, E., the employer of a journeyman labourer whose death, according to the coroner's inquiry, reported in our issue of March 10, arose from heart failure, accelerated by long hours of labour, has drawn our attention to certain inaccuracies in our report; in particular that the evidence given was not that the men slept inside the troughs, but occasionally only on the troughs, and that the usual hours of work did not exceed fifteen hours per day.

It was also stated at the inquest that the men usually possessed good health, and that the bakehouse was inspected by the sanitary inspector five or six times a year.

We have much pleasure in making this correction, and in expressing our regrets for the inaccuracies referred to.

JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

A dispute about the ownership of a Persian cat between the Bembridge Count and his wife ended in the complaint, suggesting that the cat should be destroyed. On the defendant objecting the magistrate said, "The cat is yours. It is the judgment of Solomon."

REVIVALIST FRENZY.

Mr. Evan Roberts Mystifies and Suddenly Dismisses a Meeting.

AMAZED ALDERMAN.

Mr. Evan Roberts's behaviour at the meetings he is conducting at Liverpool becomes more extraordinary each day. Special trains bring hundreds to hear him, very many being disappointed through their inability to enter the small chapels in which he insists on holding services.

In the Textile Tabernacle have occurred the most remarkable scenes yet recorded in connection with the Roberts' mission. A middle-aged man prayed at the top of his voice for "Ministers who had declined to forgive," in connection with the old quarrel in Liverpool which led to the secession from the Calvinistic Methodists of those who now form the Free Church of Wales. Another man prayed against him, almost as loud, and quite as determined, thanking God that the road was free to Heaven. Mr. Roberts peremptorily ordered them both to sit down.

"There is no need to name anything to God," he said presently. But a little later on man prayed for forgiveness for "the brother who tried to raise a disturbance here an hour ago." This prayer was drowned by a hymn.

Suddenly the whole character of the meeting changed. "Hundreds of you are being moved by the Spirit at this moment," cried the missionary; "will you still disobey?" Women screamed, cried, and fainted. Dr. Phillips, of Tylorstown, tried to end the meeting by asking converts to come forward, but Roberts prevented him.

HINDERERS DENOUCED.

"No, no," cried the revivalist, pale and shivering, "there is to be no testing just yet. Some of those who hindered are gone out, but some still remain." Agonising prayers, "testimonies," and recitations of Scripture were mingled together by a score of voices at once for half an hour.

Many left the building in perplexity and alarm. Alderman Snape, one of Liverpool's leading men, sat in the pulpit looking amazed. At last Roberts said: "Now we will test the meeting. We were not permitted to do so before, but there are persons here who still stubbornly remain hindrances. Here is a command from God, 'Take care not to sing in a service any more.' You would have gone on singing, singing; it is not singing, but purifying that we need."

But three times, when the audience had prepared itself for the "testing," he said: "No, we shall have no testing."

At last he said: "Now go home. This is not the first time a service has so ended." The people dispersed bewildered.

SOLD OUT AT ONCE.

ENORMOUS DEMAND YESTERDAY FOR PART II. OF "THE HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPAEDIA."

The publishers of "The Harmsworth Encyclopaedia" have experienced a repetition of what took place a fortnight ago.

So great was the demand for the second part, which was published yesterday morning, that the entire issue was at once sold out, and proved quite insufficient to meet the orders which arrived in overwhelming numbers.

The work of binding and printing is, however, being pushed forward night and day with all speed, and it is hoped that in a few days everyone who wishes to secure the most up-to-date book of reference on the market will be able to do so.

In the meantime the publishers regret that any one should have to wait for a copy, and ask that the newsgangs may not be blamed for what is not their fault.

The second fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopaedia," like the first, contains 160 profusely illustrated pages, and deals in detail with over 1,200 different subjects.

Each fortnightly part costs sevenpence, and, size for size, is actually cheaper than any monthly magazine on the market. Sevenpence per fortnight means one halfpenny per day, and thus for the price of an evening paper this great work of reference may be obtained.

PART II. READY.

THE
HARMSWORTH
ENCYCLOPAEDIA

The Most Up-to-Date
Book in the World.

Price 7d. Complete in 40 Parts.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

The late W. G. Grace, jun., who played cricket for Gloucestershire, left estate valued at £1,471 12s. 10d.

Falling 250ft. from the High-Level Bridge, Barrow, into Buccleuch Dock, a man named McLaughlin was rescued uninjured.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will introduce an Early Closing of Public-houses Bill into the House of Lords before Easter.

Owing to big supplies of onions from Egypt, the retail prices are now falling again, and are expected soon to reach the normal figure.

A trainload of excursionists from Hull to Selby pulled the communication cords five times, smashed the carriage windows, and cut off the straps. Proseuctions are to follow.

Near Yarmouth a solitary vagrant gipsy has been apprehended. His language has not yet found an interpreter, but he carries papers with writing in some Slavonic character.

A profit of £5. is made by the Westminster Guardians on each inmate admitted to the "labour test home," opened for the purpose of testing the genuineness of applications for relief.

The invention abroad of a substance by which butter can be adulterated to the extent of thirty per cent. constitutes a new danger, said Sir Edward Strachey at the Associated Chambers of Agriculture.

One little nut had not been missing from the lifeguard on an electric-car at Manchester, the life of a little girl, who was run over, would have been saved. The evidence at the inquest showed that the absence of the nut put the guard out of effective action.

St. George's Day this year will fall on Easter Sunday, and it is proposed to take advantage of the Bank Holiday to honour the patron saint by fitting national celebrations.

The profit on the electric light municipal undertaking in Hammersmith for the last twelve months was £9,191.

Half a sovereign was found in the body of a 1s. 9d. codfish purchased from a dealer at Cleator Moor, Cumberland.

"There is no place more in need of a religious revival than the British Parliament," said the Rev. A. Wynne Thomas, preaching at Dowials.

Northampton Town Council have declined to black out betting news in newspapers in the public reading-room, as requested by the various religious bodies in the town.

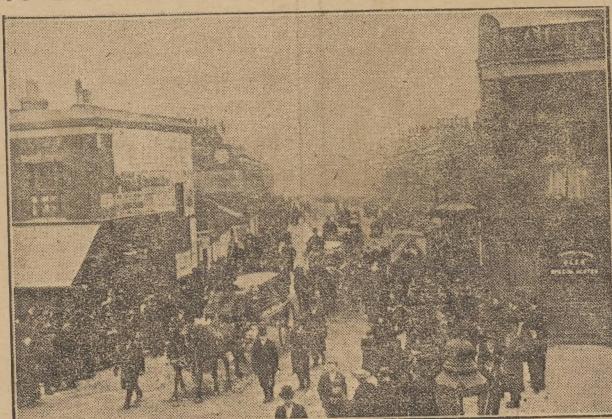
While Mr. John Rogerson, a well-known veterinary surgeon of Kirkham, near Preston, was performing an operation on a colt he fell back and expired from heart failure.

A miller at Moulton Seas End (Lines.), who is defendant in a case to be heard at the Spalding Quarter Sessions to-morrow, has been summoned to serve on the grand jury at the same court.

A deputation protesting against the acceptance of liquor trade briefs by barrister M.P.s who represent Welsh constituencies is to wait on the chairman of the Welsh Liberal Party, Mr. Alfred Thomas.

The mistake of a signalman named Moverley, according to the Board of Trade official finding, caused the collision at Hull on January 31 between a passenger train and an engine, when nine passengers were slightly injured.

FUNERAL OF VICTIMS OF THE DEPTFORD MURDER.



There was a striking demonstration of feeling at Deptford yesterday on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Farrow, the victims of the "masked murder." The whole route was lined with people watching the procession. (Photograph, Studier.)

A French inmate of Eastbourne Workhouse has been sent to prison for refusing to perform his task. Penny post to Egypt is suggested in a question to the Postmaster-General by Mr. Henniker Heaton.

To celebrate General Booth's seventy-birth-day next Monday there will be a gathering of Salvationists at Exeter Hall.

Mr. Yeo, who has been Master of the Ceremonies at the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, for forty years, has received from the Pope a medal and letter of thanks.

For removing the hall-marks from 18-carat gold rings and transferring them to rings of inferior gold, Joseph Adelman, a jeweller, was remanded on bail at Manchester.

The convictions for drunkenness increased from 189,597 in 1902 to 209,385 in 1903. The increase appears to be due to the new Act, for an actual decrease of convictions on summonses is outbalanced by an increase of 26,652 in convictions on arrest.

"The Lord passed through Totnes and told me to come to Kingsbridge and tell all the people they were going to perdition and in forty days Kingsbridge would be destroyed." For shouting these words in the streets of Kingsbridge, near Plymouth, a fisherman-revivalist named Popplestone was fined 1s. and costs.

The master of a school at Ellesmere, Shropshire, calls over the attendance register by nicknames, and the mother of one of the pupils asked her son not to answer, so he was marked absent. Among the nicknames she said were "Bullock, Flapper, Pudding-eater, and Smoker." The case was adjourned for the master's attendance.

For selling a glass of milk from which ten per cent. of the cream had been abstracted, Alfred W. Bennett, of Noble-street, City, was fined £10 and costs yesterday.

A large fishing company in the north of England has suggested a weekly dinner of fish for the Army and Navy, because it would make an agreeable and wholesome change.

Mr. Henniker Heaton will ask the Postmaster-General whether he can see his way to reduce the charge for telephone conversations between London and Paris from 8s. for three minutes to 2s. 6d.

Sergeant-Major Joyce, one of the most popular volunteers in London, who was largely responsible for the efficiency and strength of the old "Tower Hamlets," now called the East London Engineers, has died suddenly.

As pure alcohol could be obtained from old boots, said a solicitor in a case involving the purity of brandy, at Eccles, it was impossible to tell whether the sample was made from grapes or from old boots, but it was not likely that grapes would be used when cheaper articles would do as well.

Mr. Joseph Carr, Sessional Crown Solicitor for Belfast, who has just died, once had the curious experience of reading his own obituary notice on the publication of a false report of his decease. On that occasion he expressed his sympathy with several legal gentlemen who applied to fill the vacant position.

"If members of Parliament would devote one afternoon to the passing of an Act making it an offence to leave children in a room where there is an unguarded fire, and, at the same time, make it an offence for a woman to go to bed drunk and take her infant with her, many valuable lives would be saved," said the St. Helens coroner at an inquest.

NOVEL ELECTRIC SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Carries Passengers Across the Mersey in a Hanging Car.

MOTOR-BOAT RACES.

The great bridge which has just been built across the Mersey between Widnes and Runcorn marks a novel departure in bridge building.

Its size alone would make the structure notable, for with its span of 1,000ft., it is the largest suspension bridge in England. But quite apart from this, it is particularly interesting, for it is built upon an altogether new plan.

In order to make it so high that it would not interfere with the shipping, the designers decided to abandon the ordinary form of road on the bridge. It has no footway, but all its traffic will be carried by a gigantic electrically-driven car, which will run from side to side of the river.

SUSPENDED OVER THE RIVER.

This car is fifty-five feet long and twenty-four feet wide, and it will accommodate four two-horse wagons and 300 passengers. Hanging by great steel cables from the trolley on the bridge, which is 82ft. above high-water mark, the car will travel only a few feet above the water, the conductor in the glazed conning-tower on the top of the car being able to stop it or, if necessary, send it backwards so as to avoid collisions with the masts of passing ships.

As our photograph on page 8 shows, the bridge is practically complete, and it will be opened in a few weeks, probably by Sir John T. Brunner, M.P., chairman of the bridge company. This novel bridge, which has taken nearly three years to build, has cost only £130,000.

RACING MOTOR BOATS.

Some astonishing speeds will probably be seen at Monaco next week, when the motor-boat racing commences. Things move quickly in the motoring world, and fast as were the motor-boats of last year, those built for this year's racing have already proved that they are much faster. Dozens of owners of various nationalities have been busy getting their boats into trim in the manner shown in our photograph on page 9 for several days past. Several of the famous French boats will not be ready in time, but others which have already made very fine records are certain to compete.

The "Panhard-Levassor" is reported to have travelled at over thirty miles an hour, a splendid speed, but, considering that she is a 40ft. boat fitted with 200-h.p. motors, hardly astonishing.

ENGLISH BOATS WIN PRIZES.

The Palaiso, which is going shown at full speed in our photograph, has attained a speed of 301 miles per hour. La Rapiere, a smaller boat, has done 28 miles an hour. The Mercedes VI. has actually done an average of 322 miles an hour.

Apart from these there are many very powerful boat racing that have not yet been publicly tried, so the races should prove of the utmost interest. But under these circumstances it is impossible to say what the chances of the English boats are. It is satisfactory, however, to note that England has already taken the first and second prizes for the best looking boats at the exhibition which is now being held in Monaco.

BUTTON-HOLES FOR MEN.

SHALL THEY BE OF PINK CARNATION OR DARK RED ROSE?

Are button-holes coming into fashion again? For years it has been quite the exception to see a man wearing a button-hole. In fact, it bordered on "bad form" to be thus bedecked.

Certainly in the City the flower-trade is very brisk at present. "We are selling double the number of button-holes this year to what we sold last year," said one of the flower-girls outside the Royal Exchange.

But it is quite another story in the West End. "No," said a leading West End florist, "at present there is practically no demand for button-holes; but I believe if brown becomes the popular colour for the season there will be a big demand for pink carnations."

Brown requires a splash of colour to relieve its sombreness, and nothing looks as smart as pink with brown. But if green be the popular colour, the pink-red rose should be the favourite button-hole.

Both the King and the Prince of Wales affect button-holes.

WHY HE WOULDN'T SIT DOWN.

An agent of the revolutionary committee has just been captured by the Turks at Monastir.

"Sit down," said the officials at the police station. The agent respectfully declined. His modesty was proof against all courteous appeals.

The two suspicious gendarmes stripped him of his greatcoat and found two rifles of modern pattern strapped to his back.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1905

ROMANCE OR COMMON SENSE?

THE introduction to the revised French Law Code of a stipulation that husbands and wives must love one another has been very much talked and joked about in France.

As we explained the other day, its insertion was due to two writers of fiction who were put upon the Revision Committee as students of human nature. We suggested then that they would hardly be satisfied with this one change in the Code. Now one of them, M. Marcel Prevost, the novelist, has fully justified our prediction.

What he wants is "divorce by mutual consent."

If husbands and wives legally owe one another love, it is clear that, when they no longer love one another, they ought no longer to be legally obliged to live together.

Marriage is an association more close than any other, and essentially based on good faith and mutual consent. When one party fails to fulfil the contract, why should the other remain for ever enslaved? And why make the regaining of independence a long and costly process of law?

That has a convincing sound at first, but isn't it an over-romantic view of life, the view of a man who lays too much stress on love, as novelists always do, and not enough on common sense?

When people are married they ought not to worry too much about how they feel towards one another. If they do, they are likely to become hypocondriacs of love, just as people who think too much about their bodies become hypocondriacs in health matters.

They have entered into a partnership, and they ought not to regard it as dissoluble by anything but death. If all is not quite what they would have it to be, they can console themselves by reflecting that no happiness is perfect. And, after all, the future of their children is the most important matter—far more important than their feelings.

Of course, one cannot expect a romantic writer to accept this view. He lives by keeping the other view prominent. To him Love with a capital L is the only thing worth thinking or talking about. But to people who are not romancers there seems in these days to be far too much talk about Love and not nearly enough about Duty, or about the desirability of making the best of things, even when they are not exactly what we imagine we want.

"REEKING TUBE
AND IRON SHARD."

If the terrible new machine-gun exhibited yesterday at a rifle-range near London had been shown a few years ago it would have been welcomed as a potent argument against war. The idea then was that the more deadly and precise our weapons became, the shorter wars would be and the less eager nations would be to engage in them.

Now that opinion obtains no longer. The war between Japan and Russia is being fought with the most modern weapons. Yet it has already lasted more than a year, and may go on for much longer.

There are some signs, it is true, of greater anxiety to avoid war than used to be shown, though the monarchs who talk most loudly about the beauty of peace are not those who practise what they preach. The German Emperor, for example. His anti-French declarations in Morocco sound very warlike if he really meant them. Yet his sentiments are always most humane.

Apparently the increased range and fire rapidity of guns and rifles have left war just where it was before. To found any hopes in this direction upon this new killing machine would be futile. We can only hope that, if it is really so deadly, it will be adopted by the British Army without delay.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The bottom of a pit or well gives the best prospect of the heavenly luminaries, and the soul in its deepest humiliations hath for the most part the clearer view of things within the veil.—John Owen.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ING EDWARD, like President Roosevelt, understands how to take a holiday, and his three weeks' trip in the Mediterranean, on which he starts to-morrow, will be spent strictly incognito. Usually on such occasions he travels under the name of Baron Renfrew. Except that all formality is to be avoided, nothing about the trip has yet been decided, and no plans made. He will join the royal yacht, with the Queen on board, at Marseilles, and from then for three weeks there will be no State cares. Her prolonged tour will be a great pleasure to Queen Alexandra, though she has had to give up being present at the celebrations of her father's birthday at Copenhagen, an event she has not missed for many years.

The Prince of Wales has always been a singularly healthy man, and it is seldom that he has

had to undergo the attentions of the medical profession, so his experiences of Monday must have been particularly trying to him. He has probably his early life at sea to thank for his present health. As a boy he had every chance of becoming physically hardened, and, like all the Royal Family, he has never lived an indoor life. Except for his serious attack of typhoid fever while staying in Ireland with the Duke of Clarence, shortly before his death, and the slight attack of German measles from which he suffered at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral, he has hardly had an illness.

* * *

The people who looked for Sir Henry Irving last night at the Adelphi were disappointed. Though he has always taken the greatest interest in all that both sons have done since the stage since they surrendered to the inevitable, the journey from Torquay was too much of an undertaking, but

from the moment that Mr. H. B. Irving decided on the production of "Hamlet," he has been anxiously awaiting the event. Originally, neither H. B. nor Laurence Irving was intended for the stage, and the former was called to the Bar over ten years ago now, so, if the stage should ever fail him—not that there is any chance of it doing so—he has another career ready and waiting for him.

* * *

There is no doubt that he would specialise in criminal cases. They have always been a hobby of his, and his book, "French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century," shows that he understands the working of the criminal mind. His "Life of Judge Jeffreys" is, obviously, also the result of his taste for criminology. While he was at work on the latter book he visited Ipswich, and went to see the house in which "Bloody" Jeffreys had stayed. It is now used as a shop, and theatre-tickets can be booked there. "Can you tell me anything of Jeffreys's visit to Ipswich?" he asked one of the clerks in the shop. The clerk scanned the theatre plan and answered: "I'm afraid I don't know him. He hasn't booked a ticket this week."

* * *

I see that the Vienna "Tageblatt" has been reading an old copy of the *Daily Mirror*, and has just made the announcement that the Countess Lonyay intends to reside permanently in England. It was in December last that I mentioned the fact in this column. Her name is not often before the public now, and her present life, in marked contrast to her past, is like the happy country with no history. As a daughter of the King of the Belgians she had naturally much unhappiness, but her marriage to the heir of the throne of Austria brought her yet more. The miseries of her life at that time at the Austrian Court she has told herself in a book published about four years ago. Those unhappy years closed with the tragic suicide of her husband.

* * *

Free to choose for herself, she married the man of her choice, Count Lonyay, five years ago, and has found "the (Court) world well lost," living now a practically private life. Neither Count Lonyay, who is fairly well known in England, nor his wife is very well off. The Countess has an income allowed her by the Emperor of Austria, but she has only £2,000 a year of her own from her father. He tried to stop that on her re-marriage, only to find that the deed of gift could not be set aside.

* * *

To-night Miss Irene Vanbrugh is certain to enhance her reputation as an actress when she appears in Mr. Barrie's new play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," at the Duke of York's Theatre, for ever since her success in the "Gay Lord Quex" every new appearance has been a new triumph. But it was in the "Gay Lord Quex" that she had most of her stage adventures. One was the locked bedroom door in the third act. The act centred round that door, and Miss Vanbrugh had to indulge in agonies of entrapment against it.

* * *

But Mr. Hare has a horror of a locked door on the stage, for sometimes it refuses to unlock when wanted, and a stalwart stage hand was stationed to hold it on the further side when the distressed Sophie hurried herself against it. One hot and thirsty night he departed to get a drink, and the door flew open before the impetuous attack of poor Sophie. It was hard to have to close it, and then continue her tragic lamentations, but she did.

* * *

It would be hard to find a more popular man, and also a luckier man, than Sir George Warrender, who, I see, has just returned to London from the Continent. As a midshipman in the Navy, he landed in the Zulu war, and since then his rise has been rapid. At thirty-three he was a commander, the youngest in the service, and five years ago, before he was forty, he was a post-captain. Not long ago, though a younger son, he succeeded to the ancient family title and wealth. As quite a young man with no prospects but his naval career he made a love-match which has proved the greatest success.

* * *

Lady Maud Warrender, sister of Lord Shaftesbury, is even more popular than her husband, and one of the prettiest women in London. Hardly a house-party is complete without her, for she is as witty and charming as she is pretty, and she is also an accomplished and good-natured musician. With no one is she a greater favourite than with the King and Queen, who both admire her magnificent contralto voice and make her a welcome guest at Sandringham. Her singing was one of the features of the theatricals at Chatsworth last year.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 4.—Yellow is the prevailing colour in the garden now—the deep yellow of the trumpet and double daffodils, the pale primroses.

Yet here and there a patch of blue greets the eye, whenever the scillas and grape hyacinths are growing. The forget-me-nots also are coming into bloom. Their first flowers are now open, touched with red, but in a few weeks the bluish blossoms die away and their noontide is as blue as a cloudless sky.

Yet the rainbow month of April paints the garden green, the scillas and grape hyacinths are growing. The forget-me-nots also are coming into bloom. Their first flowers are now open, touched with red, but in a few weeks the bluish blossoms die away and their noontide is as blue as a cloudless sky.

Yet the rainbow month of April paints the garden green, the scillas and grape hyacinths are growing. The forget-me-nots also are coming into bloom. Their first flowers are now open, touched with red, but in a few weeks the bluish blossoms die away and their noontide is as blue as a cloudless sky.

E. F. T.



For a notice of the performance at the Adelphi Theatre see page 11.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Henry Fowler, M.P.

TO-DAY, in Wolverhampton, his constituents are celebrating the fact that he has represented them in Parliament for a quarter of a century. There is to be a public meeting in the Drill Hall this evening, at which Mr. Asquith will be the principal speaker, and Sir Henry Fowler himself will be present and address his admirers.

But he has other admirers besides his constituents. His twenty-five years of work in Parliament have shown him as a straightforward man who fights well and stubbornly for his principles.

Son of a Wesleyan minister, and left early to make his own way in the world, he keenly upheld Nonconformity, while at the same time climbing to his present position. He worked as a Sunday-school teacher in those days, and since then at Exeter Hall.

His chief call to fame is that he is the inventor of the parish council, while he has been Secretary for India and President of the Local Government Board among his Government offices.

His personality is as noteworthy as his career. Broad, lusty, with a splendid voice and an impressive delivery, he is a striking figure when he rises to his feet in the House. He seems to have modelled himself on Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright with considerable success.

His recreations have been, except reading, for in his early days he had time for nothing but work. Now he reads everything, with perhaps a leaning towards theology and Parliamentary history. His two greatest aversions are draughts and programmes, and his greatest affection is for his home and family, and next for politics.

One thing he never does is smoke. Another thing is he never rides in a carriage facing the direction in which it is travelling.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Three Continents.

"Don't you think that travelling abroad is more comfortable than it is at home?"

"Rather. Why, I have travelled for weeks on the Continent without meeting a single creditor."—"Puck."

"Are you sure your mistress isn't in?"

"I hope you don't doubt her word, sir."—"Sydney Town and Country Journal."

Magistrate (to prisoner): "Now, this is the third time I have seen you in this court this year. What has brought you here now?"

Prisoner: "A policeman, your worship."—"Dorfbarbier" (German).

Little Willie: "Say, pa, what is a born diplomat?"

Pa: "A born diplomat, my son, is a man who knows a great deal that he doesn't tell his wife."—"Chicago News."

"Pa, what is a sage?"

"A sage, my son, is a man who always agrees with his wife."—"Melbourne Weekly Times."

Dentist (to troublesome creditor): "If you must bring your bill every day, at least you might come with your face tied up, so that people might think you were a patient."—"Meggendorfer Blätter" (German).

"Was the Baron disagreeable when you took him your bill?"

"On the contrary, he asked me to call again."—"Humor" (Austrian).



INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES

MR. EVAN ROBERTS,



The Welsh revivalist, whose strange behaviour in the Shaw-street Church at Liverpool caused a painful sensation. He declared that heaven was locked, and denounced preachers of the Gospel who, he said, were envious of the number of conversions made.

MARVELLOUS MACHINE-GUN—

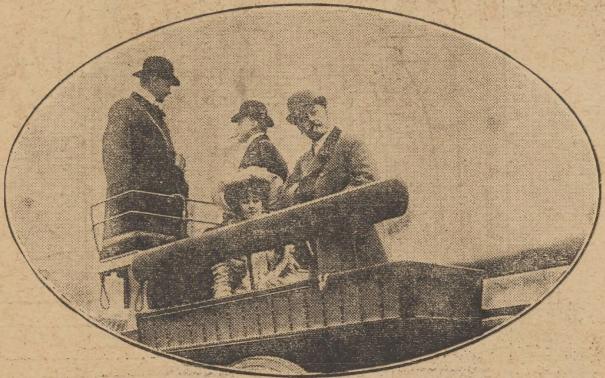


The Rexer machine-gun is a marvellous weapon that fires fifteen rounds per second and weighs only 17½ lb. It is a Danish invention that has been adopted by the Danish army, and is now being tried by nearly every nation in Europe. Our photographs show it being fired at Ealing, and a man and pack-horse carrying the gun and 2,800 rounds of ammunition ready to take the field.

LORD MALDEN'S SUCCESS AS A CROSS-COUNTRY RIDER.



Mrs. Kennedy, with her horse Scissors, which Viscount Malden steered to victory during the Herts Imperial Yeomanry Point-to-Point Races at Rickmansworth. The smaller photograph shows Lord Malden on his father's horse, Mount Pleasant II.



The Earl of Essex watching his son, Viscount Malden, riding Mount Pleasant II, the Earl's horse, in the Rickmansworth Point-to-Point Races. Mount Pleasant II only managed to secure second place.

—READY FOR WAR.

NOVEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE



This gigantic suspension bridge, which joins Widnes and Runcorn Mersey, is constructed upon a novel plan. An electric car, which will four two-horse wagons and 300 passengers, will run across the girders, carrying all the traffic. The bridge is now complete and opened.—(W. H. Mack.)

Viscount Malden, the eldest son of the Earl of Essex, is a lieutenant in the 7th Hussars, and distinguished himself as a rider at the Rickmansworth Point-to-Point Races.

graph copyright, Daily Mirror

MOTOR BOATS PRACTISING at MONACO for the GREAT RACES.



Practising with the powerful racing motor-boats that will compete in the coming races at Monaco. (1) Taking the crew on board. During actual racing two men usually make a crew, but on trial trips three are taken. (2) Getting clear of the moorings. (3) Out of the harbour, and ready to start the motor. (4) Full speed ahead. (5) Making a sharp turn.

THE NEW HAMLET.

Last Night's Performance Reveals in Miss Brayton an Actress of Real Power.

The first thing to be said about "Hamlet" at the Adelphi is that it is a very good performance of the play as a whole; mounted with an eye to beauty, but without needless stage trappings; most intelligently stage-managed.

The next thing to be said is that Miss Lily Brayton's Ophelia is quite the best of modern times. In the earlier scenes Miss Brayton acts with a pretty girlish grace and tenderness, and shows that she thoroughly understands how to use her beautiful voice. In the mad scenes she shows quite unexpected power.

She makes no attempt, as most Ophelias do, to "pretty" insanity. The first feeling she excites is almost one of horror. Her eyes seem to start from her head. Her skin has that leaden pallor which is a symptom of disordered mind. Her fingers pluck idly at her dress. Her voice is altered, strained, unnatural.

Yet there is in all this nothing grotesque, nothing exaggerated; she shows us the infinite pity of madness. She holds her audience in a firm grip; and, when she leaves the stage, their pent-up feelings are released in audible breath.

The actress who can so deeply impress the imagination and so surely compel tears in such difficult scenes as these must have a great future before her.

And now as to Mr. H. B. Irving's Hamlet. It is difficult to know where to begin. For all his intelligence and cleverness, the actor is handicapped by his voice, which has few musical notes in it; by his gait, which is not graceful; and at present by his evident inability to lose himself in the character he assumes.

GOOD IN PARTS.

The effect of his performance, therefore, is that, like the egg of the curate, it is "good in parts." He is at his best in moments of sudden excitement and of quiet repose. The scene with Queen Gertrude is finely played. Mr. Irving indicates Hamlet's love for his mother (as also his deep tenderness towards Ophelia) with true feeling.

In the more colloquial passages he is very modern and casual. The advice to the players goes for nothing. He might be giving it in the Burlington Arcade. There is no princely graciousness about his Prince. He slouches about and jerks his words into the air like a self-conscious undergraduate. Nor does he show us much of the intellectual side of Hamlet.

His idea is that of a feckless, restless neurotic, liable to violent changes of mood; utterly unable to control his nerves; envying those, like Horatio, who can control them; delaying to fulfil the Ghost's command simply because his will is a will-o'-the-wisp and is always rushing off on some fresh track.

He is much better in the later acts than in the first two. In the scenes with the Ghost (very well managed, by the way, and thrillingly declaimed by Mr. Brydone) his speech is strangely like that of his father, and there is too much sobbing and gasping for the words to be properly heard.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

make a success the moment you came on the stage," he added.

"I was terribly frightened," she explained, laughing now at the recollection of her first appearance, "till I heard someone clapping—all by himself, too. It was you who did so, and I am sure it was just to encourage me. It was very good of you—very good."

They were still standing by the door of the dressing-room. Within it Montague Stone waited. He had noticed Cecilia's evident pleasure at her introduction to the tall, handsome young man, the light that had sprung to her eyes, her embarrassment, quickly veiled by an affectation of easy speech; he knew the girl's moods and mannerisms so well. Was it vain that he had studied her for so many months? He asked himself a little doubtfully if he had been right in thinking that Cecilia must care for him. He had always been rearing by nature, and was more especially so in the case of a woman whom he admired as intensely as he did Cecilia Lidiard.

Cecilia came to him quickly, leaving her two new friends standing by the door.

"I want to have a long talk with you, Montague," she said. "I want to tell you everything that has happened to me since that terrible night, and to you in sheer panic. It's a long story, Montague, so long that I don't mean to attempt it to-night. Will you come and see me to-morrow morning? I am staying at the Devonian Hotel with some other members of the company. I shall be happy to see you."

"I will come," he replied. He seemed ready, as he had always been, to efface himself when he deemed his presence unwanted. Even now he raised no protest, though he knew he was leaving Cecilia in the company of a man of whom he was instinctively jealous.

"De you know," she said, with a slight smile of which he understood the pathos, "I never meant to see you again. If you had not found me of

Later on there is very little to be said against Mr. Irving's performance, but, on the other hand, not a very great deal to be said of it. His is not a Hamlet that will make history (like Mr. Forbes Robertson's, for example). He is at his best (and that best can be very good indeed, as "The Admirable Crichton" showed us) in modern plays. It is not in the rhetorical drama that his strength lies.

I can illustrate where he fails by contrasting his delivery of long speeches with that of Mr. Oscar Asche. Mr. Asche, as the King, makes every



MISS LILY BRAYTON.—(Elliott and Fry)

syllable interesting. His magnificent voice compels the mind to follow it, and stirs the heart. You never catch yourself wondering how much more there is to come.

In Mr. Irving's case, sometimes you do!

H. H. F.

[Pictures by Mr. Haselden on page 7.]

A YOUNG PROFESSOR.

It is something of a novelty to find a professor at one of our big conservatoires of music celebrating his twenty-first birthday by a concert.

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus, who for the past year has been a professor of the pianoforte at the Royal College of Music in Manchester, has just attained his majority, and last night gave a concert at Queen's Hall to announce that fact to the public.

For last night he unearthened two noisy Rhapsodies of Liszt which had never been heard before in England. These and many other works he played most brilliantly.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE SIMPLE LIFE. By Charles Wagner. Ibbister, 1s. President Roosevelt's administration for this book is not without cause.

THE Taming of the BRUTE. By Frances Harrod. Methuen, 6s. A really good story of a younger son, boorish and a drunkard. Owing to a strange adventure he is won as a husband at dice by a charming heiress. The taming follows.

your own accord I should never have sought you out. I meant to put the old life behind me completely."

"You never meant to see me again!" Montague Stone was conscious of those words only. How could he have ever dreamt that Cecilia cared for him? He had heard it now from her own lips. She had never meant to see him again!

But her next words gave him back some poor need of courage.

"I wandered down to Chelsea one day," she said. "It was before I heard of poor Robert's actual end." She shuddered as she spoke. "I had thought him dead, but a vague suspicion that I had deceived myself had been aroused in my mind, and I wanted to know the truth. I did not dare to go to the studio. But when I came to the door of your house I felt a mad desire to ask for you. You were the only one, Montague, whom I regretted losing. You have been good to me—very good and kind."

"She is not changed," he murmured to himself. "No, success has not altered her from the Cecilia I knew."

"To-morrow I will tell you all," she said.

"And to-morrow, I too, have something I wish to say to you, Cecilia," he said earnestly.

CHAPTER XV.

Montague Stone sat in Cecilia's little sitting-room at the Devonian Hotel awaiting the advent of the successful actress. It was a dull room and lawfully furnished, but the sun which shone in at the windows enlivened it. He had slept but little that night, for he had communed deeply with himself as to how he should act to-morrow. It seemed so much that he wished to ask of Cecilia, and he was not certain of himself. He knew that he loved her; he thought she liked him; but there was the breadth of all the world between the two conditions.

Cecilia came to him presently. She was clad in black, yet looked fresh and bright as the morning itself. She had dressed her hair, he noticed, after the manner that she had been wont to adopt

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

L.C.C. STEAMBOATS.

I should like to point out to Mr. Harcourt, firstly, that screw-launches of the Surrey Belle type would not be of much use on the Thames in bad weather, especially below London Bridge; secondly, that their speed against a heavy tide would not come up to that of paddle steamboats.

Even when they were travelling with the tide there would be great difficulty in putting them alongside some of the chain piers, such as Pimlico. I am afraid that screw-boats would always be wanting new propellers.

Lastly, after seeing one of the new "monstrosities" on trial, I may say that they seem to me to be substantial, strong, and fast boats.

5, Montfiore-street, S.W. PETER NEWTON.

A CHALLENGE TO BRITISH WRESTLERS.

The letter which appears under the heading "A Test for Ju-Jitsu" in to-day's issue of the *Daily Mirror*, will, I think, command itself to all good sportsmen, especially those who are interested in wrestling.

As there appears to be a very general feeling to the effect that Taro Miyake should give his many victims a chance in their own style, I am glad to be in a position to state that he has expressed his willingness to meet the best Englishmen of his own weight in the "catch-as-catch-can" style for any amount that may be mutually agreed upon.

It only remains for the representative home-bred wrestler to issue his challenge.

ALFRED SELWYN, Manager.

Lyceum Theatre, April 4.

ARMY TATTOOS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I think it would sound better on the part of the I.Y.S., etc., if they did a little less grumbling.

I once heard a corporal of the Scots Greys tell a group of I.Y.S. and C.I.V. (who were bragging about what they had done) that the best job he ever saw them do was "mark time on the bully beef and jam with a tin opener." Among the regular troops they were known as the "jam scoffers," and from the way they could eat it they earned the title!

ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

CONDAMNATION OF THE CHILDLESS.

It is very well for clergymen, the majority of whom have, as a rule, their bread for life well buttered, to preach the old Biblical doctrine of "Be ye fruitful and multiply."

But if the State clergy were as a class compelled to earn their livelihood on the same precarious lines and conditions as their Lord and Master, Christ, did, and found themselves surrounded by half a dozen scantily-fed stomachs and poorly-clad backs, it occurs to me that their reverences would preach a totally different doctrine.

TEMPORI PARENDRUM.

PROMOTION BY MERIT.

The average civilian, like "Would-be Soldier," is, I am afraid, very narrow-minded.

I regret to say I have seen soldiers dancing in the streets, etc., but that is no reason for setting them all down as roughs.

As for bluejackets, they are better educated than most civilians of their station, and take a much wider view of the world. NAVAL OFFICER.

Portsmouth.

in the old studio days. He wondered if this could have been for his sake. He had so often expressed his admiration for her hair.

She bade him be seated again, and then, drawing up a chair by his side close to the open window, began to ask him questions. How had he traced her? What had happened at the studio after her flight? How came it that Robert Lidiard's life had been saved—it was pain to her—an agony almost—to revert to these topics. But she felt that now the pages of her life had once more been turned back she must know all, there must be nothing concealed from her.

Montague Stone explained as best he could how Robert Lidiard had been revived by the exertions of himself and of the doctor, and how he had done his best to keep the whole affair out of the papers.

"I was not wholly successful, though," he said reluctantly, "for by some means a wild report got published."

"I know it," shuddered Cecilia. "It was that which I saw when I was about to return to do my duty by the dead. I feared—oh, it was very foolish of me—but I feared that I should be accused of having brought about my husband's death. He died with the word 'murderess' upon his lips. A panic came over me and I fled."

In a few words she related all that had happened to her since that day.

"When I discovered that Robert was still alive," she concluded, "I wished to return to him, to return in spite of everything, had made up my mind to do so—yes, even though it was but a few days before I was announced to appear in this play. I had decided to tell Mrs. Chesson all, and then—then I heard of Robert's real suicide and of the terrible letter which he wrote to you. Why did he do it, Montague?"

"I cannot understand what came over him," replied Montague. "Physically he recovered his health, but mentally he seemed utterly broken down. He lied about you, pretended that he knew where you were all the time. I doubted the truth of his words and sought for you, but without

A Mother's Wisdom!

MODERN mothers are more genuinely anxious to understand the real thoughts and feelings of their children than ever before.

In this they are wise. For instance, every experienced mother now recognizes that if she can find a medicine which her children like, and which at the same time is as good as or better than the medicine they hate, she will have them cured in half the time. A medicine which children like very much is Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil and the hypophosphites of lime and soda, the best remedy for all those diseases of the throat, lungs, blood and bones to which children are prone. In proof of the fact that

Scott's Emulsion

is as effective as it is likeable, witness the cordial recommendations of 5000 medical men and 18000 certified nurses (their letters can be inspected); also the fact that Scott's Emulsion is in daily use in over 300 hospitals and sanatoria.

To prove that Scott's Emulsion is as nice as it is effective, we offer a free sample bottle and the pretty children's booklet (in gold and colour) "The Spirit of the Sunshine," enclosing 4s. for postage and insertion in this paper. SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-12, Stonecutters Street, London, E.C.



WHY LIVE?

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The "ICED" SELF-POLISHING BOOT PADS.

Send P.O., 1/-, for Sample Pad. Carriage Paid. A. Burmanton & Co., 4, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

THIS WEEK'S SHOW OF SPRING MODELS AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

Millinery and Toilettes of Amazing Beauty at Economical Prices.

WHAT an early spring it is! That is what everyone is saying, and what everyone is doing is to lay in a stock of fair, fresh toilettes and becoming millinery, so that the searching and very critical sun of sweet April shall not spy out shortcomings that nobody wants to have revealed. Day after day, from early morn to dewy eve, the dress and millinery departments of Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford-street, are besieged by eager customers, for the rumour has spread abroad that nowhere are more fascinating wares to be found than here, at prices so reasonable that even the girl with the most meagre allowance need not be daunted by them.

Nor is rumour wrong. Though she is often credited with drawing the very long bow, in this instance she has put forth the real facts only most sincerely and with absolute truth. Messrs. Peter Robinson are catering for the million, and are doing so with the huge majority of women in view who want to — nay, must — dress smartly, if they are to do their position credit, and who desire to get more out of a sovereign than twenty shillings in their effort. There are two costumes sketched here, as well as some blouses and hats, that demonstrate a few only out of hundreds and hundreds of models as beautiful, but that will serve to illuminate the situation as it actually and very happily is at Oxford-circus.

The "Gladys" should be called the "Marvel," for truly it answers to the title. It is an unmade, mercerised muslin robe, which means that the skirt is all ready shaped and trimmed, and most daintily inset with lace insertion; and merely needs to be stitched up at the back and set into a band, to make it fit any individual figure exactly. What a comfort it is to the home-dressmaker, and especially to the one in the country, to be able to secure robes of the very latest fashion as to fabric, trimming, and and style; while she is at the same time able to fit herself precisely as to length and waist measurement, by what is called the unmade robe's assistance.

But to continue. This robe, which includes a sufficiency of material and trimming for the bodice, costs only 16s. 6d. The sum sounds unbelievably small, yet that is truly what it is! Then there is a splendid range of colours from which to choose — to wit, sky-blue, white, lilac, cream, pink, and black, as well as all the latest nuances of the spring shades, such as mauve, lime-green, and raspberry. And if a customer wants to follow exactly the scheme of making illustrated in the sketch, and does not care to undertake the task for herself, why, then, she can order it to be carried out for her by Messrs. Peter Robinson, and so save herself all trouble.

The toque that makes so very becoming a finish

to this charming muslin dress is a white straw one trimmed with black velvet and a smart steel buckle. Wear it with a gown of any colour, and it will look most satisfactory, but do not, if white should be trying to your style of beauty, come to me," for it is sold in brown, navy-blue, sky-blue, bronze, red, and three or four mixed colours, and

this pattern and these dyes that the 33s. 9d. costume is made. There are Sèvres blue, dove, lime-green, orchid-mauve, and cinnamon-brown checks to be bought, and yet not a quarter of the rest of the latest colours that are available have been named. So do but decide and demand, and your choice will be gratified.

Particular attention is asked for the corsage of



Above will be perceived the Gladys muslin robe, price 16s. 6d.; the Suzanne voile toilette, price 33s. 9d.; the muslin blouse that costs only 4s. 11d.; and three hats, prices and full descriptions of which the letterpress gives.

always at the wondrously moderate price of 7s. 11d. Muslin is most decidedly going to achieve a triumph among triumphs this summer, and so is voile, and as we can wear a voile frock before a muslin one at Easter if the weather be fine, and even earlier, the fact that the second toilette under discussion is carried out in that material should be cherished as an inspiration by those on toilette-buying pilgrimages bent. Turn, then, to the Suzanne, which is without doubt the most wonderful gown of the moment, completely made up, including the bodice, cut to perfection, mounted upon a lining throughout of the best batiste, most delicately stitched and daintily trimmed, and yet priced at only 33s. 9d. Is not this worth knowing?

The voiles of to-day are not those of yesterday. We are to wear the tiniest checks and the prettiest and quaintest old-world colourings, and it is in

this toilette, which thoroughly deserves all the praise it will reap from those who see it. It is specially dainty and most becoming to every type of figure, and is made after the latest Parisian fashion, with a yoke of gauged voile divided by inset lace, and trimmed by means of little satin bat's-wing bows down the front. Worn with a high belt of satin to match the bows, how dainty and smart would this dress be, just the costume for Easter Sunday morning, and after that for the Easter holiday and any of the festivities that are certain to crowd round that delightful time. It is easy, to imagine a troupe of bridesmaids in the Suzanne costume looking the very prettiest of attendant girls, wearing hats like the one sketched in company with the dress.

And now let us examine the hat and learn with joy that to tone with any of these dresses, straw



The Mota, a lovely nun's-veiling blouse, in all colours, price 5s. 11d.

turbans of coincident colours, like the one sketched, can be purchased, most prettily trimmed with folds of chiffon, a cabuchon of straw and chiffon at one side resting on the hair at the back of the brim, and a quill crowning all. For this most spring-like millinery model the sum of 9s. 11d. is charged, or should a bunch of flowers be preferred instead of the quill, the price of 12s. 11d. instead of 9s. 11d. will be asked. Certainly flowers would more bewitchingly become the troupe of bridesmaids that has just been mentioned, especially if the blossoms were a clump of roses, of cowslips and forget-me-nots mingled, of hyacinths of two shades, or of the-to-be-very fashionable Shirley poppies, in various hues, say canary and scarlet, or of lilies of the valley and cherries in unison, a most Parisian idea.

Fashion is going to smile so decidedly upon all sorts of pretty blouses this spring, despite every gloomy prognostication to the contrary, that no apology is needed ere an introduction is effected between the purchasing public and the charming blouses that are illustrated on this page. Most emphatically have the arbiters of fashion contradicted the rumour that blouses would decline in favour; the only proviso that they insist upon, is that there shall be no exaggerated pouch in front, and that the shoulders and sleeves be fashioned according to the latest decrees of the mode.

One of the pretty models which appear on the left-hand side of the centre picture, shows a muslin blouse decorated with the tiniest pin tucks and inset with excessively pretty lace. It is a blouse that would be eminently becoming to any type of girl, and, as it costs only 4s. 11d., is a purchase that should be made forthwith. It can be obtained in any colour, and is the daintiest possible little confection. The girl who wears it in the picture has on her head the latest edition of the pill-box turban, made of very pretty fancy straw and trimmed with quills and a rosette at one side. As this model costs only 9s. 11d., it should certainly be asked for, for the latest Parisian ideas are rarely sold at prices so low as this until much later in the season. Hence the opportunity is a good one of procuring the smartest possible type of millinery, and should most decidedly be seized.

Yet another blouse is illustrated — the "Mota," an exceptionally pretty one, composed of nun's veiling with a delightfully novel and becoming lace yoke, cut in a deep tab which is posed upon the fulness beneath, which fulness is brought about by several rows of gauging, which cause the slip to fit the figure perfectly. The same smart idea is applied to the crowns of the sleeves with every success, and a tall collar affords the finishing touch of beauty to the whole. As a bargain at 5s. 11d., the equal of this model will not be met during the longest shopping expedition in London's smartest establishments this spring of 1905.

MISS LILY BRAYTON AS OPHELIA—HER DRESSES SKETCHED BELOW.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

OPHELIA'S DRESSES AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Though dress is probably the last item of interest in that moving and wonderful play "Hamlet," it is not without its meaning in the interpretation of a character.

The latest Ophelia, Miss Lily Brayton, whose first London appearance in the part took place last night, looks a very testimony of "good beauties" in the robe in which she makes her first appearance. It will be seen sketched on the right-hand side of the picture on this page. Made of some soft material like soie de laine, half silk, half wool, of a green-blue colour, it is decorated with bars of beautiful passementerie embroidered in gold and pearls that form a girdle round the hips, and a bordering to the square-cut décolletage of the simple bodice. The very long sleeves of the period are completed by closely-fitting armlets of silk.

Miss Brayton's ruddy hair is plaited and tied with tissue bows, and she wears on her head a latticed cap with a fillet of the same made of gold and pearls. Her appearance is instinct with girlish beauty, and the hopes and fears of a maid in-love.

A Change and its Interpretation.

The pathetic scene of Ophelia's madness, dressed by Miss Lily Brayton in robes of ivory white, points a terrible contrast between what has gone before and the sad present. Once more the dress is made with the utmost simplicity: it is a classical robe of a crépe-like fabric, with the long winged sleeves of the day, and the décolletage opened to show the girlish neck.

Instead of the neatly coiffed hair of the former scenes the tresses are tangled and flowing, and are roughly wreathed and interlaced with flowers—panies for thoughts, rosemary for remembrance, fennel, columbine, rue, and daisies. Masses of these significant blossoms Ophelia carries on her arm. It is a scene of most moving pathos, and Miss Lily Brayton's conception of the part makes it fraught with sincerest melancholy.

WHEN YOU ARE A GUEST.

A FEW HINTS FOR THE VISITOR.

Having received an invitation, reply to it immediately and do not keep your hostess wondering if she shall expect you or not.

When you arrive find an opportunity to mention how long you hope to stay, unless the length of your visit has been mentioned by your hostess in her invitation, under which circumstances be sure you do not exceed it by a single hour or day. A visit that has been very pleasant for both guest and hostess may not be so enjoyable if extended by the guest without her hostess being very anxious for this to happen.

Be sure to state exactly what time you will arrive on the day when you are expected. Nothing is more annoying to the ordinary housewife than to have the guest arrive unexpectedly, say, at luncheon, when the hour of dinner was the one at which it was thought she would come.

Inquire the hours of the household during your first evening and respect them. Do not come down to breakfast early or late, but at the proper time. You may be warmly invited to "make yourself at home," but if you are an unpolished, untidy person, be sure you do not do so. Always remember that you are a guest.

Do not be amazed or fretful if you are expected to amuse yourself sometimes. When it seems advisable to do so, go away for an hour to your own room with a book, or do your letter-writing, and so forth. Your friends may wish to rest or read also apart from you.

Try and entertain your entertainers. A gloomy, dull, and silent visitor is no welcome addition to a

house. Yet do not talk too much or keep your hostess in the drawing-room after her usual hour for retiring.

Do not visit much at other houses unless your hostess accompanies you, and never ask any of your friends or relatives to visit you when you are a guest, unless your hostess suggests that you should. Your friend's house is not to be treated as a hotel.

Settle your own laundry bills, and take your own stationery and stamps, even if these are supplied by the hostess. And do not forget your sewing materials.

Express your thanks for the kindness your entertainers have shown you when you leave. Give gratuities to the servants, according to the length of your visit, your means, and their duties.

Write directly you reach home to thank your hostess once more for her hospitality.

Never repeat anything that your hostess would not wish others to hear. Having eaten of her salt and slept under her roof, you are bound by the laws of hospitality to keep silent on every topic that would displease or annoy her.

A YOUNG VIOLINIST.

MISS SARAH FENNINGS AND HER STORY.

To-morrow evening, at 8.30, at the Bechstein Hall, Miss Sarah Fennings will make her first reappearance in England at a violin recital, at which she will be assisted by Mr. Charles Copland, Mr. Herbert Fryer, and Mr. Hamilton Hartley.

Miss Fennings's professional career has been a very interesting one. After giving several successful concerts in London and the provinces, she determined to suspend all her engagements in order to go to Prague, there to study under the first violin master of the day, to whom Kubelik owes so much of his enormous success. Professor Sevcik found in Miss Fennings an apt pupil, and bestowed upon her the great honour of giving her a long course of most valuable lessons. Those who know the professor will understand what this means. The highest testimonials were bestowed upon his pupil by Professor Sevcik, who predicts for her a

great career. Miss Fennings admits that she also owes much of her training, especially in the classical school, to a former master, August Wilhelmi, but her own talents have a great deal to say, of course, to her success in her art.

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What is LI-NOLA?



Robes worn by Ophelia, impersonated by Miss Lily Brayton at the Adelphi Theatre last night.

SOULS ADRIFF.

(Continued from page 11.)

success. Then the day came when Robert received his money. I think he went utterly mad for a little while, though heaven knows it was not with delight. Still, he went on painting wildly, feverishly. The world would soon be at his feet, he said. Then he received a visit from an artist friend of the old days in Paris. I have forgotten his name—“

“Was it Julian Dutell?” asked Cecilia, in a low voice.

“Yes,” returned Montague. “That was it. I remember now because a friend of mine met and talked with him outside Robert’s studio. Well, I don’t know what Dutell’s business was, but after his visit Robert went completely to pieces. He refused to see me or anyone. He gave up painting. He drank continually—absinthe. Sally came over one night with tears in her eyes, and told me he was killing himself. I could do nothing to stop him. Once I tried to stop him in the street and reason with him, but he turned upon me savagely and cursed me by all his gods. I never saw him again till—” Montague broke off. He

hardly knew how to continue the terrible story—to tell how he had been called upon to recognise the horribly mangled body which had been dragged out of the Thames. The body of the dead man was to all intents and purposes unrecognisable, yet he had proclaimed it publicly as that of his friend.

“You saw—the body?” she whispered in awe-struck tones. She knew that he had seen it, but there was a question she wished to ask, though she hardly knew how to put it into words. She was leading him to his best silent cold.

He bowed his head gravely. “Yes,” he replied. “And to think that this is but a few days ago! And to think that it must have been terrible for you, Cecilia—and I can understand that you wished to remain hidden—”

“Oh, I was thankful to escape from London,” she cried vehemently, “more than thankful. I trust I may never more be known as Robert Lidliard’s wife. Think—he cursed me with his last breath! You don’t imagine”—she turned to Montague with sudden fear—“you don’t imagine that my real name will be traced?”

“There is property of Robert’s,” the man began with some hesitation, “his pictures, for instance. They belong to you.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t have them.” She shuddered.

“They were always nightmares to me. I wouldn’t touch a thing that belonged to Robert—now.”

“I believe a cousin or some relation has put in a claim,” said Montague. “For the rest, no money was found. Heaven knows what he did with the proceeds of the sale of the Paris picture.”

“It was you, then, who saw to—everything—the very last—” Cecilia faltered and her words were hardly audible. Her face was very white and her lips quivered pitifully.

Again he bowed his head.

“How good you have been!” she murmured. “Don’t let us speak of it any more,” he began, and then he would not touch the subject.

But suddenly she caught his hand.

“What?” she cried with a strange vehemence.

“There is one thing that I must know. Then let me change the subject if you please—let us never—never return to it. Tell me—yes, you are certainly absolutely certain—that it was Robert—not that of some other unhappy suicide?”

“Yes,” he said slowly. “I am sure. I identified the body.”

He spoke with assurance, anxious to relieve her tortured mind. But in his heart he knew that a grave doubt had come upon him almost as soon as he had pronounced the irrevocable words.

(To be continued.)

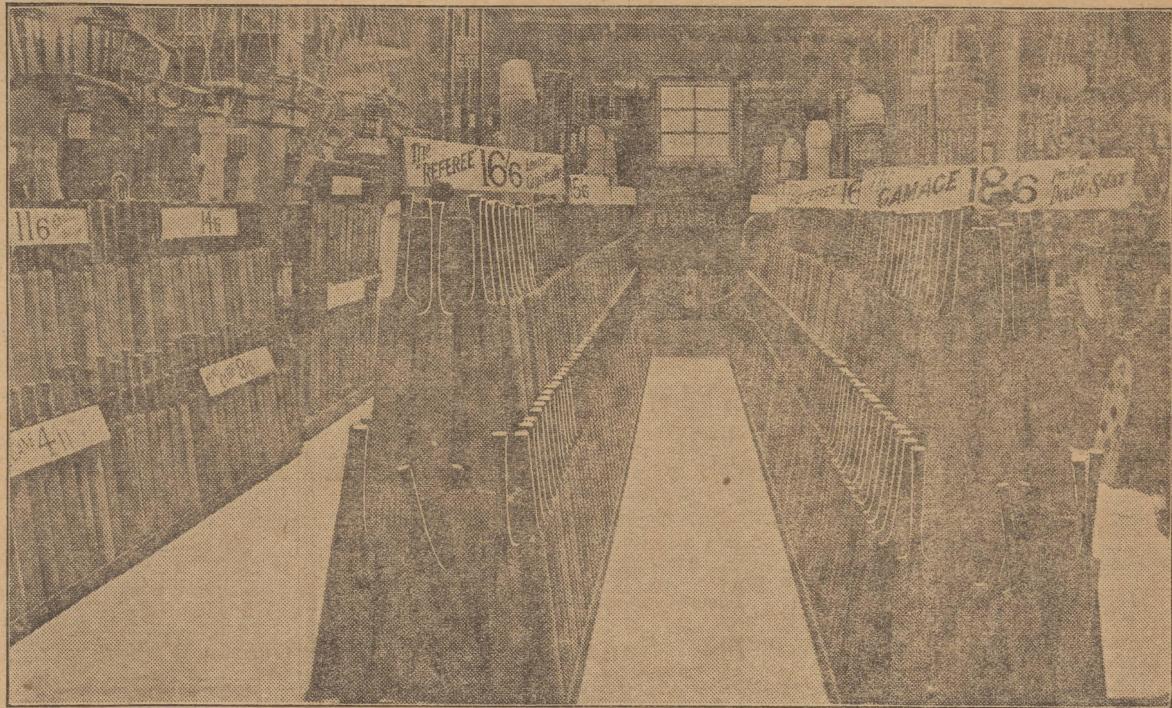
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